# A Strange and Wonderful ACCOUNT *Of the Appearance of* A Fiery Meteor IN THE AIR:

Which was seen by many Hundreds of Spectators, at the Town of *Boston* in *Lincolnshire*, on *Thursday* the Nineteenth of *March* 1718-19.

With a full and perfect Relation of its Rise and Progress through the Heavens, asserted by the Testimony of many Witnesses; with an Account of God's great Mercy in the miraculous Preservation of several People, of which you have a true and perfect Relation.

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*Stamford, Lincolnshire:*
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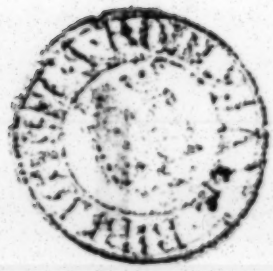

A Strange and moſt Wonderful

# ACCOUNT

## Of the Appearance of a

# Fiery METEOR.

IF there is any Thing to be gather'd from Outward Appearances, the Uncommon Actions *Nature* works upon her ſelf with her own Hands, muſt be *Tokens* of God's *Anger againſt us*; Nature is never ſo much out of her Wits, as in the Frenzy to lay violent Hands upon her ſelf, if the Author of Nature does not lay his irreſiſtable Commands to do ſo for a *Terror*, and for the *Puniſhment* of *wicked Men.*

Certain it is, that in *Earthquakes*, *Eruptions of Fire*, *of Water* from below us, the *violent Tempeſts*, *Hurricanes*, and *Tournadoes*, with all the dreadful Appearances of *blazing Meteors*, and *fearful Lightnigs* from above, are to be receiv'd with a due Senſe of the *great Goodneſs* of God towards us, *Who in the midſt of Judgment remembereth Mercy*; and to uſe for our Amendment the Occaſion of thoſe *wonderful Effects*, thereby, as it were, to affright us (by the Terror of thoſe Sights) to Repentance and dutiful Reſpect towards him: Neither is there any one, except he hath no *Religion*, who is not afraid at thoſe uncommon *Phænomena*; for God ſpeaks to Men, not only with the Tongues of *Prophets*, *Apoſtles*, and *Teachers*, but ſometimes alſo by the *Elements*, and other Extraordinary *Signs* in the *Heavens*, *Earth*, or *Sea*: Upon theſe Conſiderations, this abridg'd, but faith-

faithful Account, I now publiſh, in Hopes it may be of Warning to, and induce us to a True *Repentance* and *Reformation*.

ON *Thurſday March* the 19th, $17^{18}_{19}$. about 8 a Clock at Night, there was obſerv'd, by ſome hundreds of the Inhabitants of the Town of *Boſton*, in *Lincolnſhire*, a moſt *ſurprizing* and *uncommon Appearance* in the *Heavens*, which firſt diſcover'd it ſelf from the *South-Weſt* Point of the *Horrizon*: The *Sky* ſeemed to open in a moſt *dreadful* Manner, from whoſe *Womb* there aroſe a *great, and ſudden Lightning*; which encreaſing more and more to the View of the *Spectators*, ſtruck them with a great Conſternation: It's Continuance not exceeding, at moſt, Two Minutes and a Half, the *Heavens* re-inſtating it ſelf in its uſual Courſe and Tranquility.

By

By ſome it was deſcrib'd like a *Sheet* of *Fire*, which caſt ſo great a Light, that the whole Town was *illuminated* as at *Noon-day*: The *Progreſſion* being not ſo ſwift as when it arrived to the *Zenith*, or *Mid-Heaven*, from whence it broke into the *South* with great *Rapidity*, it's Parts being ſeperated with great *Violence*, burſting forth ſo great a *Fire* around, (and for a Moment over-powering the *Sight*) not unlike that of *Gunpowder*; ſome People diſcerning a Smell of *Sulphur*, *Brimſtone*, and the like, as generally ariſes from *Meteors*, whoſe Compoſition are formed of *Combuſtible* Matter, in the *Element*.

We have great Reaſon to return Thanks to GOD for his *Extraordinary Preſervation*, there being no Account of any great Damage proceeding from it; and ſhall, for the Truth of this Report, and the Satisfaction of the Curious, give a faithful Relation, from the Teſ-

Teſtimony of thoſe Perſons whoſe Chance happen'd to be abroad at that Time, and as they related it,

Mr. *Robert Wilkinſon*, an Officer belonging to His Majeſty's Cuſtom-houſe of this Place, deſcribes the *Lightning* in Form of a great *Sword*, which ſeemed to brandiſh in the Air, and with great Motion ſhoot it ſelf into the *South* and at its Departure was attended with a great *Flame* all over the *Heavens*, and then ſuddenly vaniſhed.

*Richard Lane*'s Houſe-keeper, who at that Time was at the *Bowling-green* belonging to *Boſton*, ſaw it with great Aſtoniſhment, which he compared to a *Great Ball of Light*, with a *fiery Tail*, which it drew after it with *great Swiftneſs*, which he thought ſuddenly fell to the Ground, and then diſappeared. He believed it to laſt about three Minutes.

One *Salmon*, a *Miller*, belonging to the Water-Works that ſupply this Town, being on his Journey homeward from *Spilsby*, differs very little from the ſame Account, unleſs from the Computation of Time, which he thought to continue for four Minutes.

Mrs. *Eleanor Clapham* at the *Angel* in the Market-place, was ſo afrighted with the Appearance, ſhe then coming along *Goat-ſtreet*, had much ado to recover Home, and was taken very *Ill*, her Friends being under no ſmall Apprehenſion of a Miſcarriage.

Mrs. *Faith Carfoot*, Daughter of Mr. *Joſeph Carfoot* of this Town, and Maſter of the *Charity School*; who at that Time was croſſing the Church-Yard in her Way to her Father's, ſhe was ſuddenly ſtruck down by the Violence of the *Lightning*, which Accident through God's Mercy, was ſeen by the Reverend Mr. *Kellſal*, Vicar o:

*Boſton*

*Boſton*, whoſe ſeaſonable and timely Relief was the chief Means of her Recovery, having order'd her to be taken up and brought into his own Houſe, and appointed thoſe uſeful Family Means as brought her to her ſelf: Her Surprize was ſo great, with the Loſs of Memory, occaſion'd by her Fit, that ſhe can tell of no other but of a great *Streaming Light* which confus'd her Senſes.

The laſt Account I ſhall give, bears no leſs a Truth than the aforegoing Inſtances, having it from the Gentleman's own Mouth, he being a Perſon of a fair Character and unſpotted Reputation, which I have the more Reaſon to give Credit to, as there is not any Poſſibility of Advantage accruing from a falſe Report.

On *Thurſday* (ſays he) the 19th Inſtant, going from *Swinſtead* towards *Dunnington*, and propoſing to lie there

that Night, my intented Journey being for *Stamford*; I had not travelled above a Mile, or a little more, on the Road, and at that Time computing it to be near upon Eight a Clock, when I was ſurpriz'd by a ſudden *Light*, which came ſpiring and in large Streaks from the *Weſt*, or rather from the *South-Weſt* Point of the Heavens; I firſt believed it to be of the Nature of that Appearance which by us is call'd the *Aurora Borealis*, and is known in the *North* of *Scotland* by the Name of the *Pretty Dancers*, but was ſoon convinc'd of my Error, the Sky on a Sudden opening in a moſt dreadful Manner from whoſe *Abyſs* iſſued, or, as it were, belch'd out vaſt and innumerable *Streams of Fire*, which joining in one Body, ruſh'd forward with that Velocity, as the whole *Element* ſeem'd in *One continued Blaze*: My Horſe trembled under me, my Apprehen-

ſion:

ſions were rais'd to the greateſt Pitch of Amazement, and if the *Great Author of Nature*, in his great Mercy, had not reliev'd me by its ſudden Diſappearance, I had in all likelihood been overwhelm'd by ſo direful a Prodigy.

Nature now returning to her ſelf, begins to ſmile at her own Recovery from ſo great a Confuſion, the *Moon* diſplaying her *Silver Light*, triumphing in her own Sphere, and gladded at a longer Reſpite to her favourite *Mortals*; my *Soul* exulted it ſelf in *Thanks and Praiſe* to our *Great Creator*, and with the *Pſalmiſt*, cry'd out, *Thy Mercy, O Lord, is greater than the Heavens, and thy Truth reacheth unto the Clouds.*

There are ſeveral more Inſtances of the great Terror that it gave to the People of this Town, and other Places; but as we have no Inſtance of any great Harm receiv'd, we have greater Reaſon *to look up to that Heaven from whence*

*whence our Protection comes, to praiſe God for his great and wonderful Preſervation, to make uſe of it as a Fatherly Call to Repentance, and to amend our Lives, which is the only way to depricate God's Judgments, and to turn his Fiery Wrath from amongſt us.*

Heav'n ſeems to flame, and thro' the Welkin, Fire
Obliquely flies; throughout the Hemiſphere
Strange formed *Meteors* the thick Air hath bred,
Like Javelins long, like Lamps more broadly ſpread:
All gaze with Wonder at the *Blazing Sight*,
And dread the Streams of its diffuſive Light,
Leſt the dread Object that their Eyes admire,
To ſcourge their Sins, ſhou'd ſet the World on fire.

*FINIS.*